

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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OLD STUFF—AND A NEW HUNCH

THE time is 1918, the scene Major General Harbord's special train, bound south from Tours for an inspection trip of the humming Bordeaux area. In one of the cars—not a Hommes 40 either—a brigadier and a colonel are discussing the fact that the A. E. F. has thus far contributed a million francs for the support of two thousand French war orphans.

"I think I'll have to come across with twelve thousand francs or so," remarks the brigadier.

"Good idea," seconds the colonel. "I'm with you."

"Better idea," comes back the single star. "Let's match for it. Loser to pay twenty-five thousand."

A clacker spins through the air.

"Heads!" calls the colonel—and loses.

The train rolls on past Poitiers and way stations. The pangs of conscience begin to gnaw at the general's heart.

"Tell you what," he says as the Yankee locomotive thunders through Angoulême. "I'll duplicate your twenty-five thousand."

That fifty thousand francs was enough to care for exactly one hundred war orphans for a year. The general and the colonel are back in spats and panamas now, presiding over the destinies of two American banks—some day this magazine may tell the world who they are.

The hundred orphans—and 3,467 more adopted by the A. E. F.—are back in civvies, too. But that fact means very little in their lives. The same road lies ahead of them—a road down which no gum-chewing, tooth-brushing franc-scattering column of doughboys has slogged these many months. The ogre of the high cost of living, as powerful in peace in France as he is in America; the withdrawal of the helping hand that tided the 3,567 over a year desperate enough, but not so desperate as this year of 1920; the lack of fathers who gave their lives in that same cause for which the Legion battled before it could become the Legion—those are some of the things that make rough the long way back to the Tipperary of normal times.

Has your Post adopted a mascot under the Legion French War Orphan Plan? How it is done is explained on page 6

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You can use the blank at the right in making application for membership.

You helped give the Boche all that was coming to him. Have you got anything coming to you? Have you had any trouble with your compensation, vocational training or insurance? Are you in need of medical treatment? Got any back pay coming; any undelivered Liberty Bonds? Any red tape you need to have cut?

Tell your troubles to your Local Post Service Officer.

Application for Membership in The American Legion

Name.....
(Please Print) First Middle Last

Address.....
Street

City

Military Organization.....

Civil Occupation.....

I hereby subscribe to the Constitution of THE AMERICAN LEGION and apply for enrollment in

Post No.

County, Department of

Signature of Applicant

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The Yardstick on Congress

How the Session Just Ended Measured Up to the Legion's Program and the Ex-service Man's Need

By J. W. Rixey Smith

Washington Correspondent of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

THE doughboy who wrote home from the war that he was saving his money so that when he got back he could buy a pair of mules, call one "Sergeant" and the other "Major" and beat something out of both of them, might change the names of his team if he could have observed the antics of the House and Senate of Congress during the session which ended early this month. And I am inclined to think that the unhappy beast to whose lot fell the name of "Senate" would squirm under many an extra lashing.

From a Congress that spent the major portion of its time talking peace and made no peace, that kept nearly fifty percent of its membership busy with investigations that led in every instance to a set of futile partisan reports, that could pass nearly two whole days wrangling over the number of staves in a peach basket and then repeal all war legislation in fifteen minutes, that had one eye glued on the approaching November elections and could see none too well out of the other, and whose wall motto was, as evidenced by the avalanche of eleventh hour legislation shot through helter skelter in its closing hours, "never to do today what could be put off until tomorrow"—from such a Congress, it is hardly necessary to say, little was to be expected in the way of laws for the benefit of the nearly five million ex-service men and women, laws that would to some extent remove the inequalities and injustices, the hardships and handicaps, incident and consequent to a great and patriotic service.

The truth about this session of Congress and its job is that it has been like a little boy trying to wear a big man's clothes—a condition that involves queer antics. It has been a session which had to face almost insurmountable after-war problems of reconstruction and readjustment without any firm or forceful constructive leadership in either of the two great parties and without much of a program. Like a ship without pilot, chart or compass, it set to sea and drifted with the winds. As it

"When Congress was on the point of adjourning," writes Mr. Smith, "the crowded galleries in the House looked on in amused amazement when one after another the solons arose and patted each other on the back and proclaimed the great things they had done. There was more than usual applause after a speech which mentioned 'the handsome way in which this Congress has treated the soldier.'" This article is an analysis of what Congress did and what it failed to do for the ex-service man. It is a complete summary of the fate of all bills coming under the group which Congress itself chose to call "soldier legislation" and should be read with interest by every ex-service man

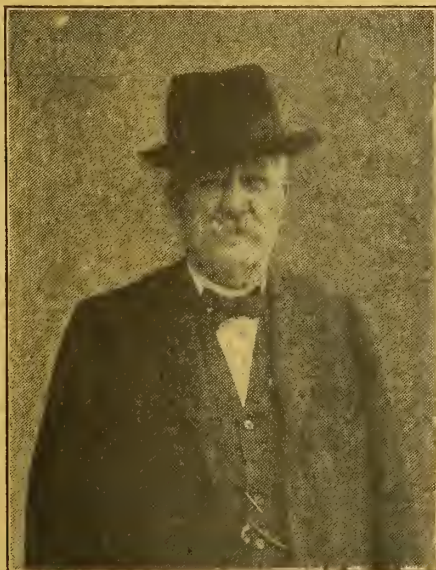
adjourned, its friends claimed for it a record unsurpassed and its enemies damned it as the worst ever.

So far as the great body of ex-service folk and The American Legion are concerned, they will in all probability share in the general divided opinion of the work of Congress with reference to general legislation. They will, however, I am sure, be much more unani-

mous in their appraisal of the treatment they themselves have received in the so-called "soldier legislation."

I think I can accurately and without bias characterize in a single sentence the record of this session of Congress so far as it applies to the ex-service man: *It has done everything that could reasonably be expected for the disabled man; it has done nothing at all for the rest of ex-servicedom.* This, of course, is subject to the qualifi-

cation that a few small bills in the interest of the disabled did fail of passage and that a few pop-gun bills for the benefit of ex-service men as a whole did pass. And it is subject to the further qualification that most of the things Congress did for the disabled was done under outside pressure. But, taken as a whole, it is a true and unsailable summary of the reaction of Congress towards the ex-service man.



Photos [c] Harris and Ewing

The Legion's four-fold beneficial legislation and adjusted compensation bill bears the name of Representative Joseph W. Fordney of Michigan

IT has done everything that could be reasonably expected for the disabled man. Certainly every member of the Legion has a right to be proud and glad of that much. It was the disabled man who came first and foremost with the Legion when it assembled at its Minneapolis convention. It was always the disabled man who took precedence with the Legion's national representatives and its Legislative Committee in presenting the Legion program to Congress. And it is the disabled man who comes out on top of the legislative shuffle.

It is a matter of record that the first time the Legion raised its hand for Congressional attention it did so in behalf of its disabled buddies. It told Congress and the world that the men who were shot to pieces in France were not being adequately taken care of; it framed a measure; it sought out friends in Congress and it put its shoulder to the plough and pushed through to victory the Sweet bill, carrying something like \$100,000,000 a year increased compensation to America's war disabled.

It is likewise history that the last thing the Legion did on the eve of Con-

gressional adjournment was to throw every ounce of its energy and power behind another bill for the benefit of the disabled. The Darrow bill, passed by the House and kept on the Senate doorstep for six weeks, calling for legislation increasing the monthly allowance of every disabled man taking vocational training by \$20, was literally pried out of a halfway hostile Senate pigeonhole during the closing minutes of the session and railroaded through as a rider to the Senate Deficiency Appropriation bill on tracks laid by the Legion.

So that first and last the interest of the disabled was looked after by the Legion and its representatives. And it might be added that the same interest was their primary concern during the entire session.

That the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill carried an appropriation of \$46,000,000 to the Public Health Service for hospitalization and the care of some 100,000 disabled men discharged from the service and now suffering from a return of their disabilities was no accident. It was studied out and fought through by the Legion on facts gathered by the Legion's Legislative Committee.

Neither was Congress left entirely to its own devices in the matter of an appropriation for the maintenance of the Vocational Board and its program for the rehabilitation of a large part of the disabled. In view of facts disclosed by the Congressional investigation into the Board's activities, it was insisted that the Board should have enough money to put across its rehabilitation program without skimping, and the sum of \$90,000,000 was voted it—three times, as much as last year.

The Legion supported and pressed for the increased appropriation because, while closely following the investigation into the administration of the Board, it was convinced that the best way to liberalize the work of the Board was with dollars—because, as the report of the Legion's Legislative Committee puts it, with the help of this money "the Board will be able in the near future to render more efficient and diversified service to all of our disabled comrades."

These are the high water marks in the successful legislation enacted by this session of Congress for the benefit of the disabled. But they represent by no means all that was done to help heal the scars of war. An appropriation of \$250,000 was carried in the Army Appropriation bill so that all disabled men still in hospitals may continue to travel on furlough for a cent a mile. In the same bill a provision was obtained whereby all discharged disabled men in Government hospitals will be allowed to buy supplies at cost from all Army and Navy commissaries and supply depots. By still another provision of the same bill, Whipple Barracks in Arizona, an old army hospital, is to be turned over to the Public Health Service for the treatment of tubercular ex-service men.

Only two black marks are checked up against this almost one hundred percent score made by Congress in legislating for the disabled. There was failure to provide that the 20,000 disabled men still in Government hospitals should have their insurance carried for them until the date of their discharge. And there was failure to remove the discrimination against officers of the emergency Army under which they are

denied the privilege of retirement accorded to officers of the Regular service.

After all, money talks, and the \$300,000,000 appropriated at this session of Congress for America's war disabled, representing as it does an increase of one hundred percent over the amount appropriated last year, is perhaps the most eloquent thing that can be said of Congress and the way it has



Representative Burton E. Sweet, of Iowa, whose bill to ease the load of America's disabled was the first piece of constructive soldier legislation to pass Congress

during the session just closed met the debt of honor America owed and still owes to the men whose bodies were shattered standing between her and the enemy.

BUT having legislated well for the disabled, Congress developed utter paralysis whenever confronted with the physically whole ex-service man, and any legislation designed to help him overcome the inequalities, injustices and handicaps under which he found himself laboring during the stress of reconstruction. In the same proportion that its legislative program for the disabled was a success, its program for the ex-service man in general was a dismal, unmitigated failure. It is impossible to use any other word than zero to describe the sum of its accomplishments along this line. Not a bill which the press dispatches of the country would mention under the head of soldier relief legislation passed both Houses.

IT is a curious coincidence, too, and one worthy of note in passing, that the same little behind-the-committeedoor obstructionists who successfully blocked or deadlocked all general ex-soldier legislation were the ones who pin-pricked legislation for the disabled whenever they could. The two Senators who held up the Sweet and the Darrow bills in the Senate, both bills in the interest of the disabled, are the chief stumbling blocks in the path of the Legion's adjusted compensation program through the Senate.

One of this same anti-soldier, be he disabled or abled-bodied, gang in the Senate also held up the Wason bill in the last days of the session and prevented its passage through the Senate when it had been passed by the House some weeks before. The same is true of the House, where there has developed a clique that shouts for the ex-soldier and shoots him in the back whenever it gets a chance.

"We are willing to do everything for the disabled, but let the able-bodied man take care of himself," they cried, while they pussyfooted and tried to keep all appropriations for the disabled man as low as possible.

It is a long way from the old cry most of us heard on the boat, "Hey, buddy, do you want a farm?" but there are nearly 200,000 ex-service men who remember it with mixed feelings of disappointment and disgust. Not only do they dislike not getting the promised farm, but they resent being made the butt of a practical joke. Those dream farms are this day, like all the rest of the hopes of the ex-service man in the Legion's four-fold compensation bill, tied up until next December in a box file in the spacious chambers of the Senate Finance Committee. I have mentioned land first because the failure of Congress to legislate several hundred thousand potential producers onto the farm at a time like this constitutes as much of a national calamity as it does an injustice to the ex-service men involved.

The three other features of the Legion's compensation program—home aid, the extension of vocational education, and the cash adjustment of compensation—tied together for better or worse, all went the way of the long-promised farms—to a deep sleep in a Senate Committee.

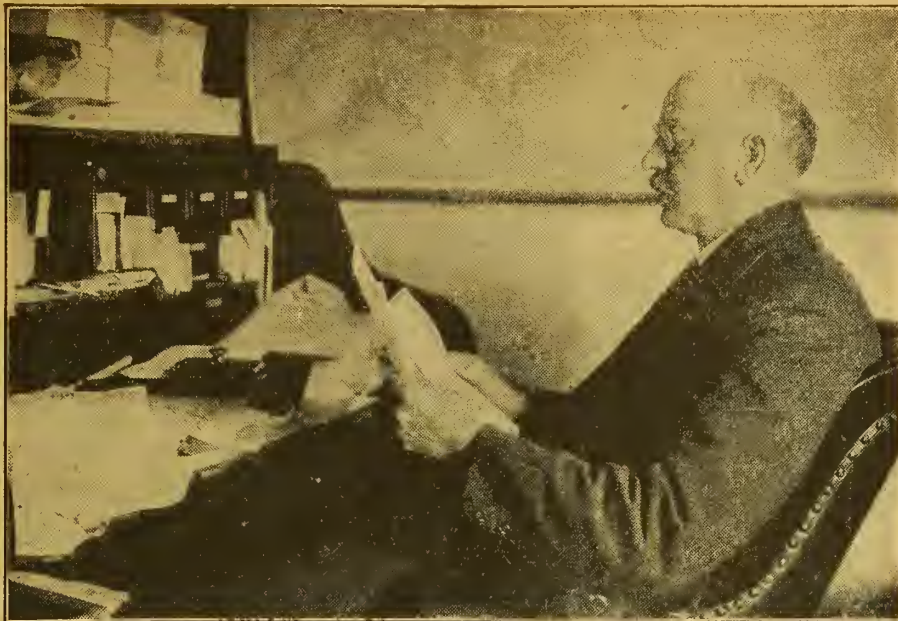
It will be argued, of course, that the House passed the Fordney bill covering all these four points and thus cleared its skirts of the obligation to do something for the ex-service man. To what extent the House was honest in the passage of this bill five legislative days before adjournment and to what extent it was playing politics, I am not prepared to say, but no one who followed the agitation in Congress for action along the line of land, home aid, vocational training and adjusted compensation will deny that there was deliberate sidestepping and delay in the House and in the committees of the House from beginning to end in the consideration of this legislation.

Anyhow, it makes little difference to the ex-service man who wants a farm, a home, an education or an adjustment of compensation whether he goes without it by reason of delay in the House or inaction in the Senate. That he asked Congress as a whole for bread and that from Congress as a whole he got a stone is the gist of his knowledge.

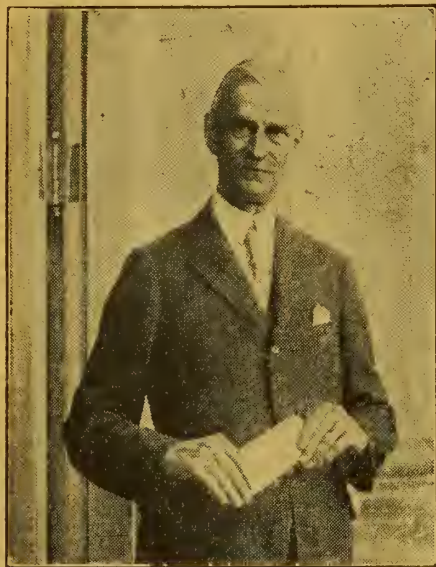
Perhaps next to the four features of

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the Fordney bill—land, home aid, vocational education and adjusted compensation—the one legislative effort in which there was the greatest ex-service interest was the Wason bill. This bill was framed to help the War Risk Bureau iron out some of its many difficulties and to help the ex-service man keep up his insurance. It called for the establishment of fourteen regional offices of the Bureau, for all post offices and postal employees to receive and receipt for insurance premiums, for the suspension of payment of premiums by all disabled



Representative Edward H. Wason's bill—he is from New Hampshire—would have ironed out most of the creases in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. But the Senate was too busy worrying about the number of staves in a peach basket to pass it



Representative George P. Darrow of Pennsylvania, sponsored the bill which increased the allowance of the disabled men taking vocational training

men in Government hospitals, and for a campaign of publicity to inform all ex-service men of the latest advantages of War Risk Insurance. It passed the House after much needless delay, but in plenty of time for it to have been acted on in the Senate. The onus for its defeat at this session rests squarely on the Senate organization.

Following the Legion-War Risk In-

surance Conference in Washington last December, recommendations were made as to how the Bureau's service could be improved, and some of the most constructive of them were embodied in the Rogers bill, which provided for the consolidation of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, the Public Health Service and the Federal Board for Vocational Education. This bill, designed to do away with all the duplication and red tape in the administration of the three great ex-service man's bureaus, passed neither the House nor the Senate.

And now we come to the crumbs that fell from the Congressional table for the ex-service man in general.

There were those rifles the Legion has been hearing about. Congress finally bestirred itself to vote the War Department authority to lend ten rifles to each Legion post for ceremonial pur-

poses, but without rifle slings or cartridge belts—an oversight which it repaired before adjournment by a proviso in the Army Appropriation bill.

Provision was made by Congress for ex-service men to have sixty days' priority in filing for all public lands opened up. It was also provided that men discharged from the service on account of disability received in line of duty should get patent to the land upon which they had homesteaded without further residence, improvement or cultivation. A bill passed the Senate but not the House providing that the Department of the Interior report upon privately-owned land projects which might be irrigated for settlement by soldiers.

Congress voted \$300,000 to the State of Oregon for the Klamath Falls land settlement project, designed to take

(Continued on page 22)

The Clubhouse Corporation Plan

How a Post with 96 Members in a Town of 2,000 People Is Financing a \$50,000 Community Building

By Nicholas J. Last

Adjutant of the Theodore R. Van Tassel Post of The American Legion

THE muster of Theodore R. Van Tassel Post shows a roll of ninety-six names. Nearly all of these ninety-six men have been members since the first week of organization. They represent almost 100 percent of the former service men living in Wayland, and the fact that two or three ex-service men have not seen fit to join is not due to a lack of solicitation.

Like other posts, we have had the usual dances, written the usual letters in favor of compensation and, of course, kicked in our jack for Memorial Day flowers for the graves abroad.

But we had no home, and there was small prospect of one being given to us.

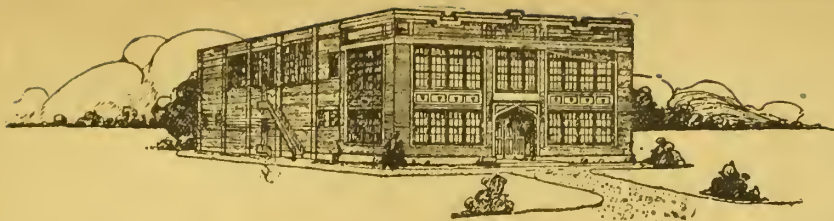
JUNE 25, 1920

Are the potentialities of a legion post limited by the size of its home town? The adjutant of the Theodore R. Van Tassel Post of Wayland, N. Y., intimates that they are not. In the accompanying article he tells how his post fitted into the life of its community and presents an idea worthy of consideration by all Legion posts without a permanent home. He describes a new method of post finance

So we determined to try to make one for ourselves. Every meeting increased our ambitions, so we finally decided to undertake a program for community support. The plan adopted called for

the erection of a building of a size sufficient to house the town library, an auditorium, a rest room and our own clubrooms. To carry out our proposal, we organized the Theodore R. Van Tassel Post as a business corporation under the State laws. The corporation was formed with a capital of \$50,000. Of this \$10,000 was common stock at fifty dollars a share, and all this was subscribed by eighty members of the Post at one meeting.

At this time we solicited advice from local business men, and after two meetings they indorsed our program fully. We planned to issue \$40,000 in four and one-half percent preferred stock



A rest room, public library and auditorium will be features of this building, in addition to clubrooms, for the legion post. It is "for all the people."

and to offer it for public subscription. After two weeks in which fullest publicity was given the plan, a drive was started to sell the \$40,000 worth of preferred stock. Twenty members were chosen to canvass the community. The first two days \$20,000 was subscribed. Eight more days brought the total up to the \$40,000 needed.

When one considers that our town has only 400 families and that the Legion membership accounted for a large percent of all the people, it will be understood that it was necessary to obtain subscriptions from almost every house. When the bulb on the recording thermometer burst to overflowing, 301 individual subscriptions had been recorded. Right now we are sitting on the world

with \$50,000 pledged to carry out our community building plan.

While the sale of stock was being conducted, a committee was visiting other towns which had buildings similar to the one we were planning. An architect was appointed to draw up the plans. The plans and specifications are now in the hands of contract bidders.

We expect that the building will be completed by next winter. It will be 120 feet by 48 ft, and will be of brick. It will stand on a lot large enough to give it a proper setting. At one side of the entrance hall will be a public rest room. At the other will be the public library. The entrance hall will lead directly to an auditorium, with a seating capacity of 600. The audito-

rium will also provide a basketball court, 46 feet by 66 feet. Under the stage will be shower baths, lockers, heating plant and kitchen. The Legion rooms will be on the second floor, over the library and rest room.

Under the terms of the sale of stock, the \$40,000 worth of preferred stock will be entitled to cumulative dividends before any dividends are paid on the common stock. The management of the building will be vested in a Board of Directors of seven members, elected for one year. Voting power is vested in the common stock, unless the dividend on the preferred stock shall be in default for one year. In that event the holders of preferred stock shall have the same voting power as the holders of common stock, and the same rights in the management of the corporation.

The revenue derived from entertainments, fairs, basketball games and other social gatherings is expected to be more than sufficient to provide for dividend requirements and other expenses. It is planned to create a reserve for the retirement of the preferred stock, which is redeemable at the option of the Post on thirty days notice. The common stock and preferred stock is valued at fifty dollars a share. Subscriptions are payable in three monthly installments.

Mascots All Their Own

An Ex-skipper of Engineers and a Clergyman Become the First Individuals to Adopt War Orphans under the Legion Plan

ADOPTED THIS WEEK

| | |
|--|---|
| LeRoy Tucker, Topeka, Kans..... | 1 |
| William L. Wood, Santa Paula, Cal..... | 1 |
| Previously adopted..... | 3 |
| Total | 5 |

THE Legion's French Orphan Fund reached a total of \$375 this week with the receipt at National Headquarters of contributions of seventy-five dollars each from LeRoy Tucker, formerly captain, Twenty-fifth Engineer Service Company, Twentieth Engineers, which previous to its demobilization was the world's largest regiment and William L. Wood, a member of Ventura County, (Cal.) Post and a former army chaplain.

"In memory of my father, James Walter Tucker, of the 134th Indiana Infantry of the Civil War," writes Mr. Tucker, "I want to adopt a French orphan on this Memorial Day."

The ex-captain thereby becomes the first individual adopter under the Legion plan.

"As I spent most of my time in France in the Vosges Mountains, doing forestry work," he adds, "I would like a little girl from the Department of the Vosges, if possible. And if you have any way of knowing, select a little girl with brown eyes and hair."

"P. S. If the young lady will write in French I will improve my knowledge of French a bit and if she cares to receive letters in English, I will be glad to write."

Running Mr. Tucker a close race for first honors as an individual adopter, the Rev. William L. Wood might even protest that as his letter had farther to go to reach Indianapolis, the result should be called a tie. He probably

won't complain, however, as his specifications for an orphan are general enough to make any conflict with Mr. Tucker's impossible. In brief, the Rev. Mr. Wood leaves all the baffling details of age, sex, number and location of freckles and other attributes in the hands of the Red Cross, relying on its judgment to see to it that the mascot of St. Paul's Rectory is a worthy case.

Advices from France are that 3,000

children, the keenest sufferers in the after the war distresses of the country, are threatened with actual want. Many were once the wards of A. E. F. outfits. The Legion is continuing the War Orphan Fund started overseas more than two years ago when the men of the A. E. F. contributed in excess of two million francs through *The Stars and Stripes* fund.

How to Adopt a War Orphan

Posts of the Legion, or individual members or friends, may adopt a French war orphan for at least one year, contributing seventy-five dollars for the first year's support. The mascots assigned will be either orphans or the children of permanently disabled French veterans.

The money should be sent to the French Orphan Fund, National Treasurer, American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind. It will then be turned over to the American Red Cross, which will assign the children and supervise the expenditure of the money.

A specific child will be assigned to each adopting post or individual and a photograph of each mascot will be forwarded to the adopter, who thereafter may keep in touch with the ward either by direct correspondence or through the Red Cross, which will translate letters when desired.

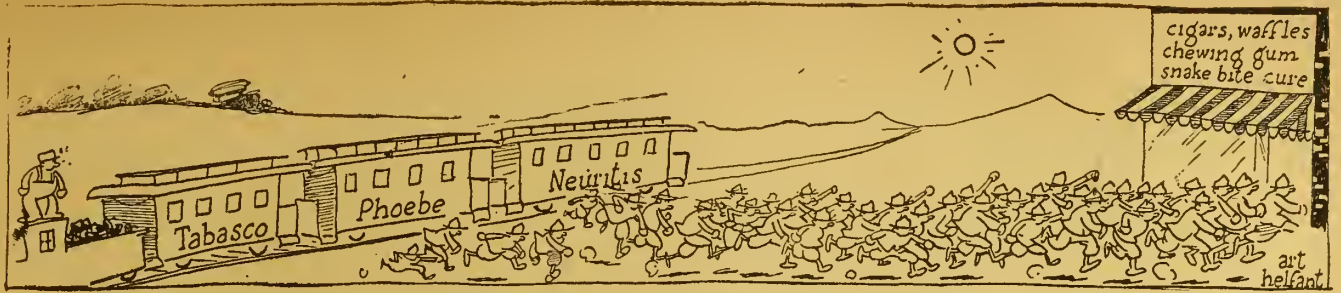
All of the money contributed will go to the child. The Red Cross bears all expenses of administration.

The Red Cross organization which administered the overseas fund after the American Army came home has never been discontinued. It, therefore, has the advantage of long experience in helping posts select mascots.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY



Roger Arnaud, former mascot of an Air Service unit, another feller that needs a friend



... descended on some stores so rapidly that the proprietors didn't have time to boost the prices

Taking the Grande Out of the Rio

A Veteran of Two Campaigns Draws Some Parallels Between Mexican and Lorraine Borders

By John A. Level

NIAGARA FALLS without water would be about as picturesque as Mexico without factional trouble. Now come the festivities south of the Rio Grande breaking into news streamers across the front pages of the dailies. The law of association thus brings into relief the National Guard campaign of 1916 and the buck who trampled France sporting a green badge.

Many a mademoiselle has chosen a beetle with a green ribbon over his breast from a flock of clean-cut doughboys whose blouses were decorated with mere wound and service stripes. The border ribbon riding with a doughboy on a French boulevard attracted more attention than would a keg of beer at a Dutch picnic. The missing link in a khaki uniform bearing a green stickpin would have been right at home in a French dance hall.

Until he got into the European fighting area the old border vet used to tell tales of hardship around the camp pup tents that made life in France seem like a long, sweet dream. But once the Rio Grande campaigner heard the whine of a five point nine or saw Jerry sprinkling the earth with ruin from on high, he forgot about spig bandits raiding the supply companies and riding the mules away.

I ate my share of sand in the Texas campaign and came out without having killed anything more dangerous than a tarantula, while I landed back in civvies without being able to tell a hand grenade from a carburetor.

I signed up one day in June, not knowing squads east had anything to do with war. The day after registering for a vacation, a busy supply sergeant got me half fitted up and I started at the rear end of a column down the main drag. Since I did not have a gun, and as I was a rookie, a company clerk ordered me to carry his field desk. I had no water bottle and the only mess equipment was a spoon. I didn't know right shoulder arms from slum call. The Mexican Army is no stickler for dress, but the outfit I paraded with a day after enlisting would have made a Juarez tailor weep.

The cactus special whisked across country, cheered day and night. Fence posts and telephone poles were bombarded with willie;hardtack was

spearheaded by hungry kids and fair maidens. Unsuspecting tank-town merchants tried in vain to wait on soldier customers who dashed from trains to stores like flies following doughboys away from a chow line. Not being waited on promptly, and spurred on by two short blasts of a departing army special, the vacationists grabbed anything in sight, including watermelons, figuring that they were as much entitled to it as the invading Mexicans would be.

Half the casualties suffered by the National Guard during that summer and autumn took place in these dashes from trains to grocery stores along the route. The doughboys descended on

turned back in utter exhaustion before nightfall without having seen the silver stream. That one bird walked thirteen miles to the river and didn't report back for two days. He swore the famous stream looked like the old swimming hole back home. He was never even shot at by bandits, the statement ran, and this took all the glamour out of the campaign.

THOUGHTS turned at once to home. All the ammunition was forthwith locked up in the bank-deposit vaults at McAllen and other border towns; the prices of "ham and" and sodas soon tripled, and pocket money brought South went into the same vaults.

A high buck toiled in the sun those days for fifteen smacks a month. But nobody knew how to make out a pay roll, and the summer slipped away and the buglers forgot pay call before the pay book settled down in Washington, according to A. R. The casualties among company clerks were heavy. The record run on the bones for three months was a measly shot for twenty-two iron men, and this cleaned out one company street. The Mexican washwomen and the lucky African golf experts cornered the camp change, causing a run on the money-order clerks in the postoffices back home.

The M. P.'s were there stronger than horseradish. The commanding general hung the dry sign out at divisional headquarters and gave all the billie-swingers mounts. Their horses patrolled the front doors of saloons, but the doughboys sat in the back yards and employed a spig to rush the growler. Sometimes these back yards were raided and slapstick comedy prevailed as the bucks bolted through fences and over woodsheds. The honor medal of the campaign went, therefore, to the man who could make a high board fence without spilling a can of beer.

Souvenir gatherers worked among sand turtles and ground snails. The rattles off a snake's tail were the Luger pistols of this campaign—a snakeskin belt the equal of a Gott-mit-uns.

The terrain surrounding the camp was carefully guarded the first night the raw bucks used ball ammunition. But the casualties among runaway mules who refused to obey the sharp



The honor medal went to the man who could make a high board fence without spilling a can of beer

some stores so rapidly that the proprietors didn't have time to boost the prices.

We got off the buggies way down in southern Texas on the Fourth of July. The creeks and wells were drier than an Independence Day orator. We cleared a field of rattlesnakes, scorpions, tarantulas, turtles and cactus and then hoisted the pup tents.

According to Hoyle we were right at the border and an attack was expected momentarily. After a few hours' rest a lot of us went out to find the Rio Grande, but all except one man

command of "Halt" were heavy, and after that evening no man on patrol duty carried anything wickeder than a fixed bayonet.

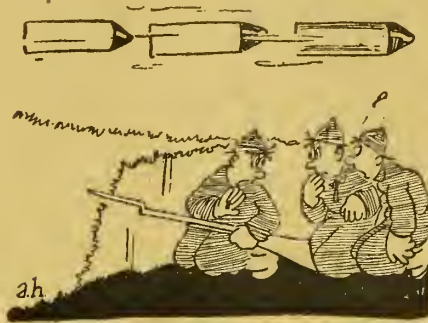
Jerry was never over, but the sun always was. A five-mile hike was a sensation—a man who could come through an outdoor Turkish bath was considered a demon for punishment. A caravan of supply wagons had to follow the Westons to pick up packs. Machine guns, bombs, grenades, etc., were unknown terms, but camouflage was a finished art. Two blankets were specified, but never carried.

A big rain or sand storm was something to write about and sent a chill through the folks back home. Thus the border campaigners used up all their good adjectives, and when they got up the line overseas the letters home made France seem like a land of sunshine and flowers, instead of moonshine and showers.

Canteen checks were used as exchequer. A Mexican with a handful of canteen checks attracted no more attention than a wounded doughboy does nowadays. A buck facing exhaustion in a poker game could rush to the topper's tent, wake up the first soldier and get a dollar's worth of canteen checks. The drill period was about three hours a day; the remainder of

the day was spent in search of shade, harder to get than sunshine in France.

Flies were always served with the slum, just as in France, and sand was a regular issue on the pudding. The



"That border stuff was soft"

dentists and pill dispensers were busier than a bird with an evening paper on a five o'clock train trying to turn to the sporting page.

The rattlesnakes started buzzing at dawn—settling the oft-asked question of who woke the bugler. A buck trying to get the sand out of his shoes

and socks in the morning felt hurt if a scorpion or tarantula didn't roll out.

Time waited for no buck. Weeks, months flew by like the Ozark special. Those that were thoughtful shaved with a bayonet and pulled other nut stunts, working toward an S. C. D. By the time the Pullmans arrived, scores of the campaigners had returned to their peaceful firesides—business reasons, Congressman friends and dippy stuff. Homeward bound it was the same old song, "Never again."

And then came the big scuffle. Dealers in campaign badges worked overtime getting out the Mexican border ribbons to the vets. Hardened bucks of the border unbosomed themselves of Texan tales—how they wiped the sweat from their brows on hikes to wet dry and hardened lips, and plunged into alkali lakes, yea, into the Rio, chasing the elusive bad men of Western movies.

"NOW, when we were on the border—"

They were gathered around the puppet, up the lines over there.

Came the whine of a nine point two. Great gobs of silence.

"Guys, that border stuff was soft. Those spigs never got anything over heavier than a three-inch."

America at Antwerp

This Year's Olympic Games Will Recall Ancient Days When All Athletes Were Fighting Men

By W. O. McGeehan

UNTIL the Oxford-Cambridge relay team went to the Pennsylvania relay carnival a short time ago and won the mile relay race from some of the fleetest teams in the United States, American athletes looked upon the Olympic Games to be held at Antwerp in August as being designed more or less for their own particular amusement. The victory of the English runners at Philadelphia was something of a shock, and some dopesters are willing to concede that the Stars and Stripes may not after all break tape first in all the events.

Contrary to general belief, there will be quite a sprinkling of ex-service men in the American team. One athletic expert has estimated that sixty percent or more of the competitors will be veterans of some branch of the service. Many of these on form should be placed high in the events. Athletes—the amateurs—travel at so fast a pace that they do not remain at their top form for long, but many of the ex-service men still are leading in track and field.

We have, for instance, Pat Ryan, former artilleryman, for the artillery is an ideal branch for a hammer thrower. Pat is still the world's champion and the record holder. In the Inter-Allied games in Paris a year ago he was only allowed to give an exhibition. The French were afraid that Pat would mess up some of the spectators if he were permitted to put the full heave into the hammer.

Earl W. Eby is one of the best mid-

dle distance runners in the United States. He won the 400-metre race and finished second in the 800-metre race at the Inter-Allied Games.

Nick Gianakopolos is a likely winner



Photos [] Underwood & Underwood

Nick Gianakopolos, runner of races as long as his name, is a likely Marathon winner

of the Marathon. Nick not only served in the world war, but he was nutting around through the Mexican expedition under Pershing. Nick was such an expert at k. p. that he was known to two armies as "Soup."

Ex-service men are looming up in all sections as candidates for the American Olympic team. The Middle West is putting up C. E. Higgins in two of the ancient sports, the javelin and discus events. California is banking on Charles Paddock to take the 100 and 200-metre races. He won both of these events in the Inter-Allied Games.

The present American college and national champion in the pentathlon is Robert Le Gendre, an ex-service man. S. Harrison Thompson, the American all-around champion, showed up well in the Inter-Allied Games.

The Cann brothers of New York, both of whom were in the service, certainly will be members of the team. Howard Cann is a remarkable shot putter, while Ted Cann is sure to be in the swimming section of the American athletes at Antwerp. Ted Cann was cited for heroism at sea.

Fred Kelly, the hurdler, who took to the Aviation Section during the war, not only is a great war veteran, but was a member of the American Olympic Team that contested at Stockholm in 1912. Kelly still has speed and stamina.

Norman Ross, one of the greatest swimmers the country ever had, will be with the shipload of brawn sent to Ant-

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werp. In the Inter-Allied Games Ross won eight events, and he holds more swimming records than he can count.

George Bronder, who is the present world's champion at throwing the javelin (free style), also won this event at the Inter-Allied Games. His record is 190 feet, 6 inches, and the experts declare that it will be some time before it is beaten unless Bronder himself should beat it at Antwerp.

E. E. Caughey won the shot put at the Inter-Allied Games. He is heaving the sixteen-pound bit of lead for around forty-five feet, which must give him a place on the team. Mike Devaney, of the Navy, certainly will get a place in the steeplechase event, in which he has twice won the American championship.

Tom Campbell is one of the best possibilities for the 800-metre run, and he also can step in the 400-metre race. He has come so close to the world's record in both of these events that his backers are certain that he will be able to beat the best that the rest of the world can produce in both races.

The boxing team will have Eddie Eagan, who won the Inter-Allied Boxing Championship when his foreign opponent declined to meet him in the final bout. In the preliminaries Eagan dropped all the men he met.

The ex-service men can muster some jumpers and vaulters, too. Clinton Larsen is one of the best high jumpers in the country. He has just failed to equal the world's record of 6 feet 7 inches. W. H. Taylor should qualify for the broad jump and the high jump, as well as for the triple jump.

Frank Fass, ex-service candidate for the pole vault at Antwerp, is the present world's record holder. His new mark was the only one that was established last year. William Plant should win the 10,000-metre walk easily enough. He holds many records for distance walking.

There are plenty of other ex-service men who might be put forward for the American Olympic Team.

Of course all these men are amateur athletes. Nobody can say that the amateur athletes were short in the



Norman Ross made the swimming events at the Inter-Allied Games pretty nearly an all-American affair. He is good for several points in the Olympics

quotas they furnished for the Army and the Navy. Professional athletes did not respond so spontaneously. The amateurs vindicated the assertion that sports made potential soldiers and soldiers that would be ready when they were needed.

There might have been some other service men in this list, but they ran the big race and played the big game for the highest prize of all—the little wooden cross in France. Johnny Overton and Hobey Baker will be missing. They are still sleeping over there.

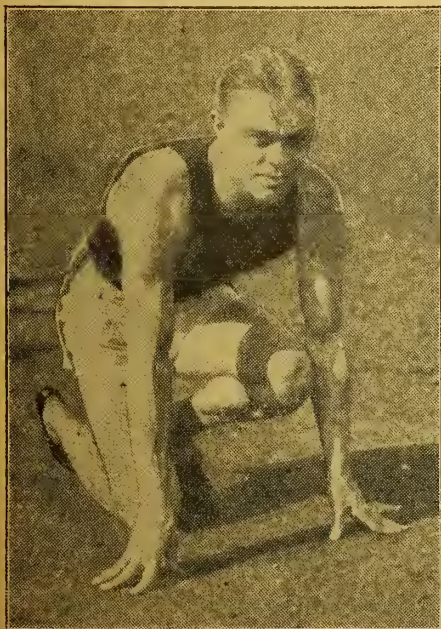
The members of the teams which will compete for the Allies at Antwerp will be largely made up of service men, so that the Olympic Games, as they did in the ancient days, will call together athletes that were fighting men. The Boche will have no Olympic team. It was decided when the date for the games was set that the Germans were not entitled to the privilege of playing with the Allies.

And come to think of it, the Boche never played any particular game. His sport consisted mainly in organized gymnastics, carried on along goose step lines. Perhaps this was one of the reasons why he never did know and never could understand ideas of sportsmanship as the men of the Allies understand them. Some day, when the German learns to play—to give and to take as the men of the Allies do—he will be ready to play with civilized people and send a team to an Olympic meet.

The Olympic Games as a whole stage some quaint and obsolete sports, some of which are seldom heard of in this country. The main interest, however, will center on the track and field events, where the American athletes are expected to shine. The English athletes will not be entirely obscured here, as the performance of the English lads from Oxford and Cambridge would indicate. Barring the rolling up of points by some other nation in the freak sports, the American team should

bring home the bacon in large hunks.

The Navy has voted the use of a transport to take across the consignment of athletes in plenty of time to get used to the climate. Many of our athletes learned something about the climate while they served with the A. E. F. They played a considerable part in the grimmer game and they can be depended upon to play their part in these games. The thing that will interest the members of the Legion most will be just how ex-service athletes will do in competition against the civilian athletes. The indications are that a large percentage of the points rolled up by the American team will be scored by Legion men.



Earl Eby should show a pair of felt heels to his middle-distance competitors



Fred Kelly is another veteran of last summer's meet in Pershing Stadium

EDITORIAL

For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent. Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of the American Legion.

Cheating Age Out of a Prerogative

A GAIN we have had with us the golden days of the valedictorian. These June mornings and evenings throughout the land, serious-visaged young men have been tottering to center-stage to give forth graceful periods and polished phrases; in front of them, row on row of beaming parents; behind them, perspiring ranks of fellow-graduates.

It long has been the privilege of the middle-aged to have their bit of annual fun with the boy graduate. Editorial writers have smiled at him. Men of affairs have tolerantly advised him of the harsh days of real life in front of him and warned him to snap out of his campus ways and buckle down to the severe business of making a living.

It must have occurred to these advisers this year that some of the boy graduates of today are men who already have had a fair measure of worldly experience. We doubt if there is a college in the nation whose graduating class this year did not contain at least one man who saw service with our armed forces.

These are men of the world, men who have known the broadening influence of travel, who have tramped ancient and storied highways of the Old World with other men at arms from all the corners of the earth, who have dared and loved and suffered and won. It might be just a bit presumptuous to warn such a one as this of the terrors awaiting him in making out bills of lading or of the gravity of arguing a cause in court.

The case is similar in every shop and office throughout the land. The graybeards are finding it difficult to impress their importance on these precocious youngsters. Veterans of the work-bench and the high desk in great part have lost their former divine right of advice giving. It looks very much as if age is being cheated out of an ancient prerogative.

The Latest Initiate

WANTED—By American soldier, thirty-eight years in service, has traveled in many parts of world and knows how to handle men, one red chevron, together with a chance to rest one very tired saluting arm.

THAT is the gist of General Pershing's letter to Secretary Baker asking the latter to relieve him of his military duties and allow him to return to civilian life. "Return to civilian life" is obviously only a figure of speech. For General Pershing can scarcely be said ever to have had any of that occasionally enjoyable commodity. Born just before the cloudburst of the Civil War, old enough at its close probably to realize that something had been going on during those five years, a West Point plebe seventeen years later, veteran of Indian wars and Cuba and the Philippines, observer in Manchuria, bandit chaser in Mexico, first soldier of the greatest legion ever sent across an ocean

—add it all together, subtract the total from fifty-nine years, and how much civilian life do you get?

Many a Yank who, as the end of eighteen months of O. D. drew near, fretted at two hours' delay in the preparation of the ticket of leave that meant a white collar and a pillowcase forevermore, will sympathize with the General's position.

But does the General know what lies ahead of him? Does he know that the clothing store proprietor is still rubbing his hands in profitable reminiscence of that year of 1919 in which the youth of a nation bought itself all the body covering it could stand? Does he realize that it now costs almost as much to get a collar laundered as it used to cost to buy a new one? Does he appreciate the fact that two crullers no longer cross the counter for a jitney?

Does he know that he is entitled to sixty dollars—and does he realize that if he is very thrifty, and accepts plenty of invitations to dine out, he may possibly make it last two weeks?

Capitalizing Efficiency

WITH the growth of Legion membership throughout the United States, the problems of efficient administration have become more complex. In most of the State departments it has been found advisable to have one or more persons devote full time to the work of State headquarters, and to pay salaries.

It is unfair to place heavy burdens on the shoulders of volunteer workers, when the strength of the State organization is such that funds may be provided to support an efficient headquarters staff. Moreover, it usually does not tend toward efficiency. Economy may prove expensive if a large membership is compelled to rely only on the part time efforts of elected officials for expeditious attention to the needs of the department. It has been found that full-time salaries personnel at State headquarters furnish a constant flow of ideas to all the posts.

A department which makes a wise investment in providing itself with an efficient staff will more than receive full interest on the financial expenditure involved.

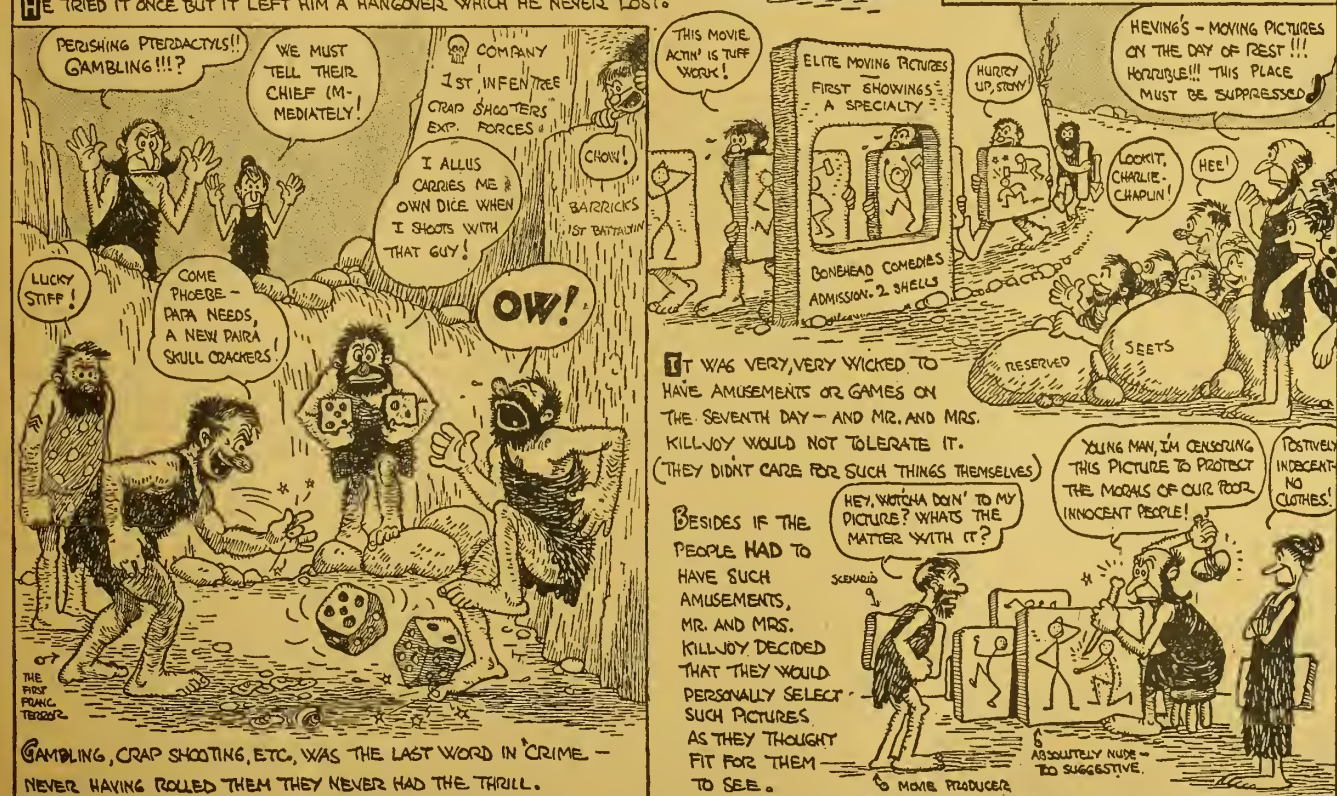
A Regular Office

"I AM in the race for auditor of Blank County," advises a war veteran in a quarter column ad (with picture) in his home town newspaper. "My opponent, the present auditor, is a good man, but he has held office for eight years and should be well fixed."

The reader, at this stage, raises his eyebrows and wonders what candidates are coming to anyway—or else sighs in profound admiration of their frankness. But let the reader read some more: "I drew an enlisted man's pay for twenty-three months; was seasick twenty-two days." Why bother with contending for so minor an office as the county auditorship? Why not run for president of the Association for the Suppression of High Tides and Storms at Sea—or on the platform, "A subway to France for the next war?"

One-Sided

"THE quality of an army depends upon the morale of the men who compose it. The quality of service is measured by the men who give it. You know the spirit of — Barbers." All this from the advertisement of a chain of tonsorial shops in one of our American metropolises. We can think of nothing so good for a barber's morale as a four-bit hair cut. But what about the customer's?



BURSTS and DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for Bursts and Duds. Unavailable jokes will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Editor, Bursts and Duds.

Lots of Action in Both

"My husband is worried," explained Mrs. Noovo-Reesh, "because, with prices of both so high, he doesn't know whether it will be more fashionable next season to burn gin and vermouth in his carburetor or make cocktails out of gasoline."

Oh!

The keeper of the insane asylum had taken his patients out for a walk when they ran across a pedestrian gazing perplexedly at the railroad tracks.

"Can you tell me where this railroad goes?" he asked.

"You'd better come along quietly back inside with us," answered one of the patients soothingly. "That doesn't go anywhere. They just keep it there to run trains on."

Taxi!

In one of the alleged "rest" camps, where Yanks and Tommies were billeted together, the American contingent was giving the old favorite: "It's a long

way to Berlin but we'll get there, and we're on our way, by heck, by heck!"

"Beastly provincial Sammies," sneered a Britisher out since 1914. "Think the bloomin' war's a bally picnic. I'll tell yer one thing, matey, you won't get ter Berlin in no jolly hack. Yer'll walk it, that's wot yer'll do, matey."

Get the Statistics

"Yah hah," chortled the Gay Old Bird, boasting of his youthful achievements, "and in my day, young feller, we useter sow wild oats as was wild oats."

"Pipe down, old timer," broke in the Irreverent Young Man, "you talk like there'd never been a banner crop since."

In Formation

"Whatcher doin', Buddy?" queried the private, bursting into the dug-out where his companion was busily engaged in a shirt hunt. "Gettin' rid of cooties?"

"Gettin' rid of nothin'," snapped back the other. "I'm just countin' 'em off into squads. There was gettin' to be too many on duty at once."

More Headlines We Never See

NICKEL FARE AMPLE,
SAYS TRACTION KING

'MY OPPONENT'S ELECTION
WON'T CRIPPLE COUNTRY,'
DECLARES CANDIDATE

GENERAL SPURNS MEDAL

JILTED CHORUS GIRL
SAYS SHE WON'T SUE

'GLAD WE LOST—MY FAULT,'
KAISER TELLS CORRESPONDENT

CORPORALS PROTEST AGAINST
COMPULSORY CHEVRON ORDER

ALLEGED IMMORAL SHOW
PLAYS TO EMPTY HOUSE

DOLLAR HAIRCUT PIRACY,
ASSERT MASTER BARBERS

Proof Positive

"Madame," asked the detective. "You say that you are sure your husband will not be wearing any shirt when we locate him. How do you know that?"

"Because," answered the strong-minded female, "he told me he'd lose his last shirt before he'd ever come back to me. And that was his last shirt he had on. And that—bird—is—coming—back."

Lot's in a Name

It happened in the old brass-rail days.

A not particularly prosperous looking individual stepped up to the bar and said: "Gimme a tin roof."

"Tin roof?" queried the barkeep. "I've been in the business twenty years and thought I was hep to all the monickers, but that's a new one on me."

"Oh, it's just another name for straight whiskey," explained the customer.

He was served, smacked his lips and started to walk out.

"Hey!" called the white apron. "How about fifteen cents?"

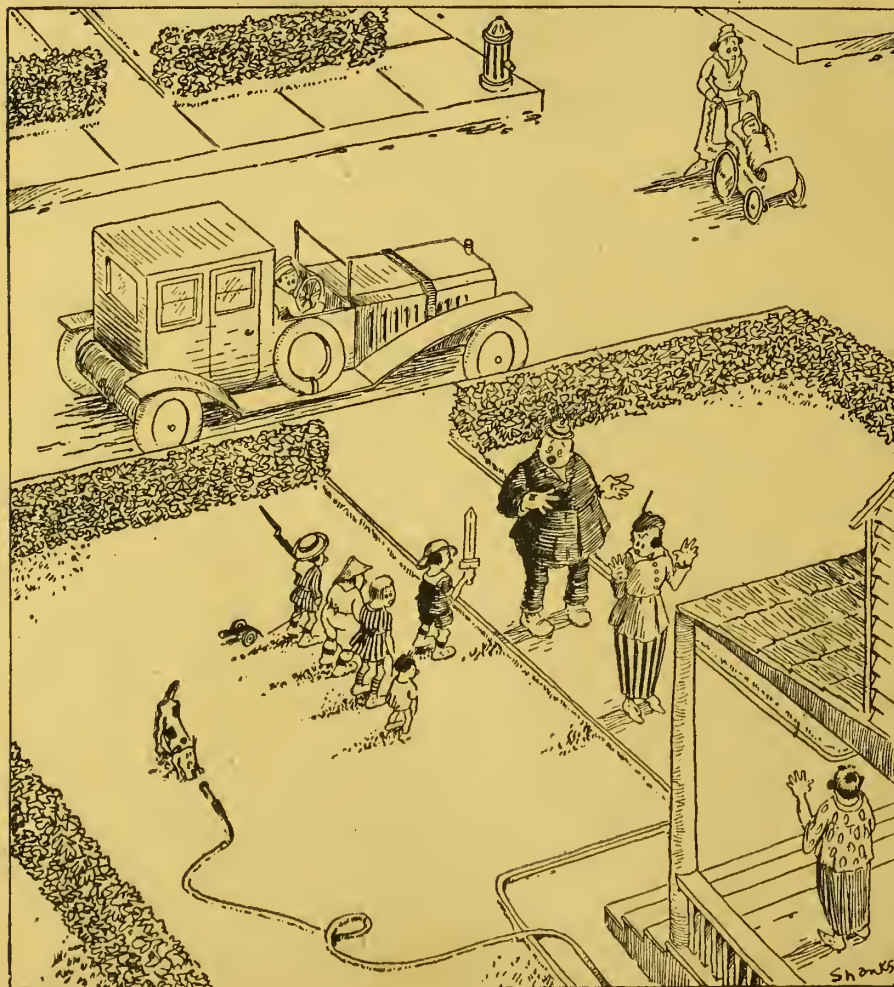
"Nothing doing," trailed a voice from the swinging door. "Tin roof—on the house."

The Last Trump

A colored doughboy who had hit Paris on AWOL and supplied himself generously with the vin sisters, mingled with stronger waters, woke suddenly in a still befuddled condition in the great urban cemetery of Pere la Chaise, whither his uncertain steps had taken him. To make it worse, there was an air raid going on.

The brother looked around him out of half-closed eyes. On every side stretched long rows of white monuments. Sirens shrilled from the city

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY



"Oh, Mr. Hootch, won't you play war with us? Mother says you're a regular old tank"

streets. Dazzling beams of white light stabbed the heavens. There could be but one conclusion.

Hastily searching his pockets, he drew forth his remaining possessions—a bottle of vin blanc, a pack of greasy cards, a much worn pair of ivories—and hurled them from him.

"Git gone away f'm me, evidence," he muttered. "Now come on, Mistuh Gabriel, I'se ready."

Them Was the Days

It was after the game. In a secluded corner of the shower baths sat a promising young pitcher—that is, he had promised until yanked out in the second.

"Whassamatter, Bill?" asked the shortstop. "Couldn't ye get 'em over?"

"Took too long," replied the pitcher. "They ask too much of a guy. When I was pitchin' grenades in France it was, 'One strike! You're out!'"

His Not to Reason Why

Regimental headquarters had just been set up and the fussy colonel decided that he must have a flag-staff.

"O'Hara," he told his orderly. "Go out and get me a tall pole—the tallest you can find."

Ten minutes later O'Hara re-entered with a lanky and embarrassed companion.

"Colonel," he explained, "there ain't a Pole in the outfit over five foot eight, but this guy's a Lithuanian and, whatever you want him for, I don't believe nobody will ever notice the difference."

These Poor Looeys

The entire female population of the little French village had turned out for the officers' dance and a few Y. M. C. A. girls had managed to sneak down from a nearby town.

Along breezed a second lieutenant. On the outskirts of the crowd he caught sight of a perfect type of Gallic beauty.

LINES AND CURVES

By JACK
BURROUGHS

By LUCIEN
BRETON



Rattling the Bones

A family skeleton must be
A nervous sort of thing. If we
May judge from tales by neighbors tattled.
It is forever being rattled.

Those Leaky Pens

I'm somewhat wiser now, than when I bought my dollar fountain pen. It spills a pint to every letter—
"A gusher" would describe it better.



Quite All Right

A chap, uncertain on his legs,
Sat in a basket labelled "Eggs."
'Twas proper, though undignified—
There were not any eggs inside.



Interred

There was a hen-pecked undertaker
Whose wife was quite a trouble-maker.
One day she died.
With great relief
Her husband buried all his grief.



With the aid of shrugging of shoulders and much wavings of hands and tapping of feet he made her understand he

wanted the next dance. She nodded assent. And then up came a private who had gotten in by mistake.

"Dance?" he asked.

"Sorry, kid," answered the perfect type. "I got the next one with this dummy here. But he looks like a fliv and I'll shake him at the end and see you."

Perfectly Heavenly

"Yes," said the snobbish young lady, "I realize that it takes all kinds of people to make a world and I can say I am very glad I am not one of them."

The Color Scheme

"I am heartily in favor of deporting all the Reds," declaimed the man in the trolley car.

"All right," said his neighbor, looking in vain on his coat lapel for the discharge button, "and after we get through with them let's turn our attention to the Yellows."

We All Get Them

Received by the Circulation Department

From: Joseph Daniel Heade, St. Louis Post No. 4, American Legion.

To: Circulation Manager, American Legion Weekly.

Subject: Mysterious Stranger on Muster Roll.

1. For some time past there has been sent to this bank a copy of The American Legion Weekly, addressed to a person by the name of E. L. Jeede. This party is, to the best of my knowledge, non-existent.

2. Stenographer refuses to send the weekly copy back, as she thinks some of the jokes are funny.

3. In our opinion, value of jokes in keeping stenog in good humor is not sufficient cause for continuance of this party's subscription.

4. Suggest that this party be dropped from Muster Roll as dead, AWOL or discharged.

THE VOICE of the LEGION

Forest Land in Colorado

To the Editor: A few of us fellows have come out into this country to homestead. There is a good bit of good agricultural land in the forest reserves, and we are wondering if there is anything you could do with the Forestry Service in Washington so that some of these pieces which are more suitable for agricultural purposes than anything else could be opened so that we could homestead it. Out here the Forestry Service says it is impossible because they profit by the grazing privileges.

EDWARD J. COOPER

Cowdrey, Colo.

His View of It

To the Editor: I have been opposed to the Legion's taking an active part in promoting bonus legislation. As a delegate to the Minneapolis Convention I was opposed to it and the majority of the convention was opposed. The question of one's personal views was irrelevant. The most of us were united in the thought that the Legion should not be used for selfish ends. And we all know that the resolution adopted by the
JUNE 25, 1920

Letters submitted for publication in "The Voice of the Legion" must be about subjects that are of general interest to members. Demands of space compel the editors to impose a limit of two hundred words on communications, at the same time admitting a strong preference for those that are even shorter.

convention did not contemplate the active participation in the promotion of bonus legislation that has been taken by the national officers.

From whence do they derive their authority? As our yellow peril friends would say, "I inquire to know." Some of the arguments used by the belly-achers are funny. Exhibit A. Letter in recent issue of the WEEKLY from lad in college stating that unless something is done and done quickly he and a lot of others will have to leave school. Rats! If there are any more like him they ought to leave and leave quick, before the acquisition of any more education makes them temperamentally unfit for the jobs their apparent lack of backbone would indicate they are best suited

for, i.e.—ribbon clerks, nursemaids, etc. J'ever hear of a regular guy leaving college when he really wanted to stay and was willing to work? Give us something stronger than such arguments, for heaven's sake.

Personally, I think since the fight has been started that the Legion should get behind the first three features of the proposed bonus plan and drop the cash bonus on the ground that what isn't good for the Government isn't good for the ex-service man.

EDWARD A. DARR

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Other Kinds of Dodgers

To the Editor: According to reports received from Legionnaires who have been in Washington in the interest of our beneficial legislation, the average Representative and Senator is proving himself an adept dodger. For the most part they appear to be afraid to say whether they are for or against the four-fold plan. One Congressman with whom there has been some correspondence winds up a letter to our Post by saying he is always in favor of any legislation for soldiers "which

appears likely to pass." A Senator gets out a mimeographed letter in which he says practically nothing and winds up by saying he is "willing to be convinced." So they go, all of them afraid to face the issue and stand up squarely either for or against.

Few men have any respect for a pussypooper. If those of us who had the fortune to face the Boche had refused to fight unless it appeared that we would surely win or had adopted the same tactics as have the politicians, there would have been few raids across No Man's Land. It would not have been "our land," and there would have been no Chateau Thierry, no Belleau Wood, no St. Mihiel, no Argonne-Meuse, and we would probably be still in France, costing the taxpayers many more good round iron men than any adjusted compensation plan could possibly do.

H. M. BUSH

Franklin Post No. 1,
Columbus, Ohio

Improving the Infantry

[Colonel C. S. Farnsworth, president of the Infantry Board, U.S.A., has asked for suggestions from members of The American Legion "looking to the improvement of the Infantry service." This magazine will publish as many constructive suggestions in line with this policy as space will permit.—THE EDITOR.]

To the Editor: A notice in the Voice of the Legion calls for constructive criticism of the Infantry.

Why not in the revised edition of the I. D. R. settle once and for all the controversy between the advocates of the five-nine and of the seven-eleven methods of squads right and squads right about?

Each base has its strong and weak points, and whichever method was used depended on the commanding officer.

WILLIAM C. ROYSE

Fort Harrison Post No. 40,
Terre Haute, Ind.

To the Editor: To Americanize our Army and achieve reasonable efficiency, among the most important points are:

(a) Use of salute optional when not on duty.

(b) Officers and soldiers to be fed and clothed in the same manner, whether by issue or by purchase out of cash allowance.

(c) Merging the ranks of sergeant and lieutenant in a manner tending to obliterate the inefficient and impossible Anglo-German idea of caste from our Army.

(d) Trial for offences charged when not under battle conditions by jury of soldiers.

Recommended for experimental investigation:

(a) Positions of non-commissioned officers not to be fixed, but to be held by each soldier in turn.

(b) Regiments to be formed and trained without the use of the close-order drill.

(c) Troops formed in above manner to be tested under field conditions in competition with others, for mental and physical efficiency.

L. R. CARROLL

Roundup, Mont.

To the Editor: It makes no difference to my plans if universal training is adopted or not, as the overseas gar-

risons would still be composed of regulars. My idea is this: There are many men who would like to go into the Army for overseas service, say in the Philippines, but the present enlistment term is too long; in fact, it is much longer than needed for any man that has been in the service before.

Why not have the War Department organize a complete brigade here in the United States composed of ex-service men, making the term of enlistment one year? The outfit could be

ON BERGDOLL'S TRAIL

At the time of going to press with this issue Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, America's arch draft deserter who escaped from the custody of the Army and a five-year prison sentence on May 21, is still at large. There have been no claimants for the reward of \$500 offered by THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY for his recapture. Reports from all parts of the country are that the Legion is assisting the Government in its hunt for the fugitive. The following letter from the War Department attests that this assistance is appreciated:

To the Editor: Permit me to express the appreciation of the Military Intelligence Division in the interest taken in the case of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll by The American Legion and the hope that the Legion will continue to cooperate with the military and civil authorities of the Government in securing the apprehension of this notorious draft evader and escaped general prisoner.

I do not know what means the Legion may have at its disposal for cooperating in this case and hence hesitate to make any concrete suggestions. However, I believe that if each member will keep his eyes and ears open and a photograph of Bergdoll in his mind, a clue to his whereabouts will eventually be found. To this end, it might be well to carry a reminder in the WEEKLY from time to time.

It may interest you to know that this Division is sending out fifty thousand descriptive circulars covering every nook and corner of the country.

A. B. COXE,
Colonel, General Staff,
Acting Director of Military
Intelligence.

Washington, D. C.

drilled a short time here and then sent to its place of duty overseas. I am sure this would cost far less money than the dribbling process of getting the men one by one for a long period of time. This plan is much like that used to raise volunteer regiments in wartime.

I know many young men who under such a system would enlist at once. If the overseas outfit were to include many green men, their term of enlistment could be set at eighteen months.

T. L.

Amberg, Wis.

Kipling Unexpurgated

To the Editor: Enclosed herewith please find remarks of Nick Sinnott, member of Congress for Oregon, made

at the time of the consideration of the adjusted compensation law. The unique thing about this quotation from Kipling is that for some reason it has been expurgated from all of his works, whether at the request of the English Government or not, no one knows.

ROYAL C. JOHNSON

House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

MR. SINNOTT: Mr. Speaker, Kipling in his poem on the survivors of the battle of Balaklava said:

"There were thirty million English that talked of England's might;
There were twenty broken troopers that lacked a bed for the night;
They had neither food nor money, they had neither service nor trade,
They were only shiftless soldiers, the last of the Light Brigade.

"They felt that Life was fleeting; they knew that Art was long,
That though they were dying of famine they lived in deathless song:
They asked for a little money to keep the wolf from the door,
And the thirty million English sent twenty pounds and four!"

We might suggest an American Version:

There were one hundred million Yankees
That talked of Yankee might,
And sent but sixty dollars
To the boys that fought their fight;
Yes, sixty dollars; that and nothing more,
If that's to be in History, America's low score—

Then:

"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine;
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

That Back Seat

To the Editor: I read with surprise in the May 21st issue the poem by John M. Martin entitled "When the Next War Comes," wherein he asks for "a little ol' back seat."

I know Mr. Martin does not mean the poem to be taken seriously and probably he would be among the first to go back if needed, but there are many who will take the poem literally. The spirit is wrong and un-American. The privilege of going was too great to be mocked in such a manner, and last but not least, it is not loyal to the buddies left over there.

ELMER T. SULLEBARGER

Ex-gob

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mennonites as Undesirables

To the Editor: An article appeared recently in a local newspaper entitled "Mennonites to Quit Canada for America," stating that these people had been promised exemption from military service, and freedom to educate their children as they please, by the Federal authorities and Mississippi State officials.

During the World War the Mennonites refused to bear arms or fight in defense of this country, and now these same Mennonites refuse to teach their children the English language, but insist on teaching them German. They go so far as to prepare against compulsory military training, such as was adopted during the war and because of which many Legion members spilled their blood.

Tony Wroblewski Post has adopted a resolution petitioning the authorities "to investigate the promises, if any, given to said Mennonites and to take action to prevent any officials, whether Federal or State, from admitting the Mennonites into the United States on account of being undesirables."

JOSEPH LAURECKI

Toledo, Ohio.

WHAT *the* POSTS are DOING

Shirley, Mass., Post holds weekly dances which are attended by soldiers from Camp Devens.

Motorcycle and bicycle races will be the big features of the Fourth of July celebration to be held by the Monahan Post of Sioux City, Ia.

Melvin Johnson Post of Clearbrook, Minn., expects to obtain a suite of clubrooms in the municipal auditorium to be erected in Clearbrook.

Members of Prairie Post, Paxton, Ill., have been using the municipal council chamber as a meeting place, but expect to have their own quarters soon.

The municipality of Marblehead, Mass., has appropriated \$14,000 for remodeling an old school building which will provide clubrooms for Marblehead Post.

As a part of its recruiting drive, the Leary Post of Fort Ringgold, Tex., gave a smoker for persons eligible to membership. Music was furnished by the Fourteenth Cavalry band.

Browne-Cavender Post, Mason, Mich., recommends that veterans of the great war receive \$1,000 taxation exemption in cases where the total value of their property does not exceed \$3,000.

Seven hundred persons attended a picnic given by the M. M. Eberts Post, Little Rock, Ark., at Bearskin Lake. The picnic program included swimming, fishing, boat races, dancing and baseball.

John P. Blake Post, Boscobel, Wis., has volunteered to care for one of the Boscobel parks which has been named The American Legion Park. A military dance helped raise funds for the maintenance of the park.

Prison sentences for profiteers are urged in a resolution adopted by the Beneway Post, St. Maries, Idaho. Fines are ineffective as penalties for profiteering, for the reason that exorbitant profits in most cases far exceed the sums of the fines, says the resolution.

William L. Harris Post of Boston, Mass., composed of employees of the Central Post Office, helped raise \$152.60 contributed by the Boston post office workers to the Salvation Army's Home Fund.

Lawrence, Mass., Post used circulars and return postcards to learn the locations of all soldiers' graves in Lawrence cemeteries. On Memorial Day the Post decorated all the graves it had been able to find.

Yankee Post of Montreal, Canada, now has more than forty members. It holds its meetings in the Khaki Club of Montreal. Commander H. Hessler assures all Legion members visiting Montreal that they will be heartily welcomed.

Jefferson Post, Louisville, Ky., has condemned an advertising campaign by the Employers' Association of Louisville and asked that it be discontinued. The advertisements preached class hatred and were un-American, the resolution asserted.

A kitchen, where one can always be sure of finding chow of one sort or another; a library and lounging-room, with easy chairs, piano, phonograph, card tables—there can be no doubt about it, Petaluma, Cal., Post has succeeded in making its club so attractive

This department is a clearing house of ideas, where accomplishments of one post may suggest possibilities for all posts. Originality is the best recommendation of an item for this department. Photographs of Legion members who have interesting records, of Legion happenings, and of Legion clubhouses are wanted. Address Editor, What the Posts are Doing.

that members can't stay away. Just now, the Post is preparing to buy pool and billiard tables.

George A. Amalo Post of Pottstown, Pa., signed up ninety-five new members at a smoker and vaudeville enter-

THE A. O.'S YOUNGEST



A year ago he was the youngest Yankee on the Rhine, now he is member 1/c Henry J. Dull of Lewis White Post, Ukiah, Cal. Young Mr. Dull was born December 29, 1903, and was fourteen when he enlisted on July 6, 1918. He wore the roast turkey insignia of the M. T. C. while he was on the Rhine

tainment given for all the ex-service men of Pottstown and vicinity. The post made \$1,800 by giving a show, "Over Here, Over There."

George Devoe Post of Milbury, Mass., has spent \$1,000 in furnishing and decorating its clubrooms in the Town Hall, and it has a balance of \$1,000 in its treasury. The Post raised the money by a "tag day" collection and by giving dances and entertainments.

At the close of the Memorial Day exercises held by the Carl Hokel Post, Huxley, Ia., a Spanish War Veteran announced the presentation to the Post of \$1,100, the unexpended balance of the Huxley Red Cross fund. The money will help pay for the memorial home which the Post will build.

The Department of Virginia, co-operating with the K. of C., the Y. M. C. A., Red Cross and the Community Recreation Association, is engaging in a publicity campaign to let former service men know that Government insurance which has lapsed cannot be reinstated after July 1, 1920.

The adjutant of a post in Santa

Barbara, Cal., recently received a letter advertising what is claimed to be "the official march of The American Legion, which has just been made available for player pianos." The adjutant forwarded the letter to National Headquarters with the request that members be warned that the title of "official march" contained in the circular is unfounded.

The Connecticut Legion News recently made its premier bow to Connecticut Legionnaires as the official monthly publication of the Legion in that State. It is a 24-page publication. Avery D. Toohey, Washington Building, New Haven, Conn., is the editor and publisher.

Jefferson Davis Post, Elkton, Ky., recently celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Todd County. A parade by ex-service men, addresses, music and a dinner were features of the celebration. The Post increased its membership by one-half during the day.

A reception committee composed entirely of members of The American Legion acted as hosts to Georges Carpentier, the French champion, during his recent visit to Indianapolis. After taking Carpentier on a tour of the city, he was chief guest at a dinner at the Columbia Club.

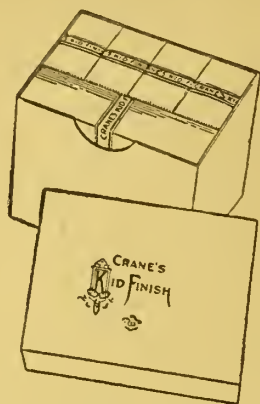
More than 5,000 persons attended a Community Circus given under the auspices of the Mattoon, Ill., Post. The Post hired a professional director, who trained the performers. The expenses of the production were approximately \$1,800, and the profits for the Post treasury was more than \$1,000.

Roping, throwing and riding of wild steers was the feature of a rodeo—the name of an entertainment that probably will puzzle Eastern Legionnaires—given by the Frank S. Reynolds Post of Bakersfield, Cal. Cowboys and cowgirls took part in fourteen events, the final one listed on the program as "throwing the bull."

San Diego, Cal., Post recently announced that 108 civil service positions in San Diego were held by persons who had never taken civil service examinations. The Post is insisting that the provisions of the city's charter be obeyed and that former service men get equal chances to obtain positions which were filled during the war without examinations.

Colonels, majors and captains served chow to buck privates during a get-together meeting of former service men at Ellensburg, Wash. The reason why the colonels, majors and captains were put on k. p. was that there were no generals or admirals available for the job when the bugler blew mess call. It is reported, however, that the bucks were satisfied.

Boleslaw Grohowski Post, of Bridesburg, Pa., showed no symptoms of spring fever during May. On May 3 the Post entertained 1,300 guests at a ball and made \$593. On May 6 it gave a parade which got thirty-six new members. On May 16 a public mass meeting was held to acquaint the town with Legion plans. The Post now is considering methods to obtain a memorial home.



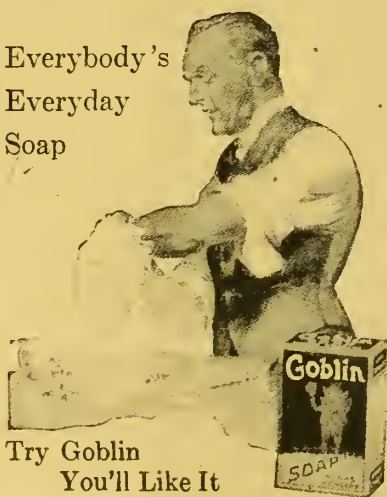
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Michigan College of Mines



[c] Harris and Ewing

Pigeonholing insurance premiums in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance at Washington

THE TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR CHANCE

By JAMES E. DARST

"I'M worth a lot more dead than alive," was a favorite expression in the service. Certain it is that not many men had ever been insured for anything like \$10,000 before they got into uniform. Plenty of occasions there were, too, when it seemed more than likely that the Government was going to lose—occasions when a man wouldn't have sold out his \$10,000 policy for \$9,000 cash.

The Government has recently compiled some interesting figures on its vast insurance business. For instance, some statistics hound in Washington has figured that the average age of the men who died in service was twenty-three years; whereas the average age of those who were disabled and collected was twenty-four. Who can explain away that extra year?

What relative was most frequently named as beneficiary in the soldier's, sailor's or marine's policy? Who else than his mother? And this was true not only in cases where the man was unmarried, but frequently where he had a wife. In fact, wives do not even come second. Dad edges in ahead of them.

In the vaults of the War Risk Bureau is locked up the original paper, grimy with the filth of the trenches, whereon a group of American soldiers signed the night before they counter-attacked, an insurance officer having come up during a stiff Boche offensive to get their signatures. Of these a majority were dead the next morning. And of the first one hundred, seventy-five named their mothers as beneficiaries.

Even more striking is the case of the soldier who must have had a presenti-

ment of death when the time for making formal application had passed and who scrawled his desire for insurance on the side of a trench with a stick. The scrawl was photographed and honored as his last will and testament.

It is interesting to note how high the average policy for all America's forces was—\$9,190. The average monthly payment to beneficiaries now is \$52.84. That this desire for a large amount was wise is shown by the fact that the average duration of 105,000 policies analyzed was only five and one-half months; that is, it took only that long for the man who signed his application to become a casualty. In fact, death or disability occurred in the same calendar month as the date of signing in the cases of 3,560 men.

Of the 99,625 deaths covered by contract insurance, more than 90 percent occurred in the Army, about 3 percent in the Marine Corps and some 6 percent in the Navy. In the Army Nurse Corps there were 160 deaths, in the Coast Guard 116. As to permanent total disabilities, 85 percent occurred in the Army, 2 percent in the Marine Corps and 13 percent in the Navy.

No doughboy will be surprised to learn that 52 percent of all Army deaths and 44 percent of all disabilities occurred among infantrymen. He may think it odd, however, that the depot brigades stand second in this regard. This is explainable by the fact that men were insured while in replacement outfits and later went to the front. Then, too, many men suspected of disease were held in depot organizations and fell victims to influenza and other epidemics.

When one comes to causes of death, he finds that 39.3 percent of all deaths

were "killed in action," exceeding all other causes. Influenza caused 18,446 deaths, but this figure is not so large as among Americans in civil life during the epidemic.

Tuberculosis was found to be the greatest scourge among men in service as well as among those in civil life. The fact that 44.6 percent of all disabilities constituted tuberculous cases indicates that the disease developed among the unseasoned soldiers due to exposure. In view of the fact that many men of tuberculous tendencies were accepted in the rush of mobilization and that their hardships were intense, this figure is not surprisingly high.

The insurance records show that four generals and one admiral died in service, while, naturally, privates and seamen suffered the greatest numerical losses, since they were the greatest in total number. A surprising fact is the high rate of suicides among commissioned officers. Of the 633 suicides in all ranks, 78, or 12 percent were among officers. Alcoholism claimed only three victims, two deaths and one case of permanent total disability.

A tribute to the efficacy of modern medical and sanitary methods is given by the figures showing that disease claimed only slightly more victims than wounds, even in France.

There were comparatively few deaths in our armed forces until June, 1918, but from then on the rate rose rapidly. The heaviest losses were suffered in October, both from battle deaths and diseases. Of the principal causes of total permanent disability the largest single cause is tuberculosis, which comprises more than two-fifths of the entire list. After tuberculosis, with 43.1 percent, come wounded in action, 11.3 percent, other injuries, 6 percent; heart disease, 5.5 percent; mental alienation, 4.1 percent; Bright's disease, 2.5 percent; diabetes, 2.4 percent; pneumonia, 2.3 percent; cancer, 1.7 percent, and all other diseases, 21.3 percent.

Every service man knows that nurses were in the forefront of danger on innumerable occasions. The insurance figures bear this out by showing that 45 members of the Army Nurse Corps suffered compensable disabilities. Of the 45, 40 were temporarily and totally disabled. Three in the Navy were similarly classified.

Of the 33,000 men rated as disabled, injury accounted for 16,000 cases and disease for 17,000. Of the injured, 10,500 were wounded in action and 5,500 disabled through accidents. Of this later group inhalation of poisonous gases accounted for 1,000.

An odd feature is that diseases with high mortality caused a small amount of disability and diseases that caused many cases of disability sometimes resulted in few deaths. For instance, influenza and pneumonia accounted for 95.4 percent of the cases of death due to disease and only 4.6 percent of the disabilities due to disease. Rheumatism caused 98.5 percent of the cases of disorder resulting in compensable disability and only 1.5 percent of the deaths.

After glancing over a few of the evils that might have befallen them, those who are unharmed by their service will have every reason for self-congratulation that they are alive and kicking today. It might be well to add that there are also a few things left in civil life that can happen to a man, and that Government insurance is still a good thing to have around.



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THE LEGION LIBRARY

Through the medium of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, the American Legion expects to assemble a complete library covering the field of American activity in the great war. It is intended ultimately to assemble this library in a room of its own, preferably at National Headquarters. Books received in the office of this magazine for inclusion in the library are listed on receipt, and thereafter in most cases noticed in brief reviews.

Books Received

"THAT DAMN Y": A RECORD OF OVERSEAS SERVICE. By Katherine Mayo. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

THE BALLOON SECTION OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES. S. W. Oviatt, 1st Lieut., A. S., editor; L. G. Bowers, 1st Lieut., A. S., assistant editor. Tuttle, Morehouse and Taylor Company, New Haven, Ct.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. By William L. McPherson, military critic of the New York Tribune. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The Road to Montfaucon

SPEAKING of wars after the war, there is still Montfaucon. That battleground of the Thirty-seventh and Seventy-ninth Divisions has been the figurative scene of many a post-Armistice skirmish. The part played by one of the Seventy-ninth's units is well described in Lieutenant Thorn's "History of the 313th U. S. Infantry," which stormed the hill citadel between the Argonne and the Meuse on September 26 and 27 with the sister regiment in its brigade, the 314th, on its right and the Thirty-seventh Division on its left. All of these units receive due credit for their part in the attack, but emphasis is naturally placed on the work of the 313th.

The 313th's attack might well be called a battle without a major. Two of its battalion commanders were shot dead, and the third was evacuated with wounds in both legs. The regiment's losses in this action were more than 1,200, including 45 officers, 12 of whom were killed outright or died of wounds.

The 313th is another unit which was in at the death of the war. Armistice Day orders to the C. O. of its Second Battalion read:

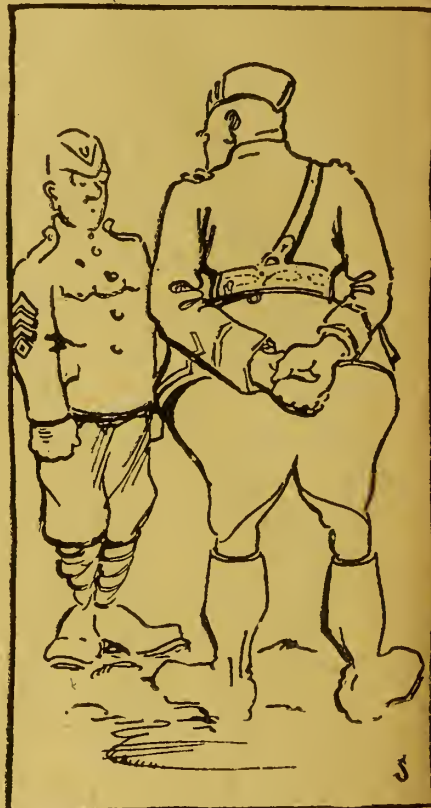
"You will proceed and attack Ville-devant-Chaumont; hostilities will cease on the whole front at 11 H. today French time. Until that hour the operations ordered will be pressed vigorously. At 11 hour all lines will halt in place and no man will move one step forward or backward. He will stay exactly where he is. All men will cease firing and dig in. In case enemy does not likewise suspend firing—firing will be resumed, but no further advance will be permitted. No fraternization will be allowed."

The history is well printed, and contains several exceptionally fine photographs of the places where the 313th wrote its name on the war map.

Another Castle Glide

"ENLIST and see the world by the shovelful," was the slogan of the 113th Engineers, whose "Overseas Castle" abounds in comic drawings and worth-while photographs—all this in addition to the full story of the regiment's career and plenty of humorous sidelights. The 113th stole a march on most unit historians by getting its souvenir book printed in France.

Armistice Day found units of the regiment scattered all along the 400 kilometer Z. of A. line between the Argonne and the Alps. It left behind it in France as memorials of its work the largest base hospital center in France, at Beaune, whose buildings later housed



'Twas Ever Thus

The Skipper: "Well, sergeant, has that detail got rid of that sea of mud yet?"

Top Kick: "Yes, sir. Pushed it all into the creek, sir."

"That's good. I suppose they have laid duck-boards all around the barracks?"

"Yes, sir, and the mess hall, too."

"Have you put that floor in the kitchen?"

"Yes, sir, the carpenters have just finished."

"Have all the men good bunks and dry straw?"

"Yes, sir, the sergeant in charge of quarters reports that all the men are comfortable."

"And the bathhouse?"

"It will be ready for use this afternoon."

"Well, sergeant, better tell the men to turn in early tonight. We will move at nine o'clock tomorrow morning."—From "Overseas Castle" (113th Engineers).

the A. E. F.'s own university; the Second Air Depot; the veterinary hospital at Lux (sounds as though a laundry unit must have been stationed there); the largest remount station in France, at Is-sur-Tille, and "countless barracks, warehouses and camps from rainy Brest to the wind-swept fields of Langres."

"Perhaps," comments the nameless but modest chronicler of the 113th's war record, "our trip to France was not altogether in vain after all."

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

MISSING MEN

Inquiries to this department should be addressed **MISSING MEN**, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. Use of these columns is restricted to relatives and friends seeking information concerning men killed, wounded or missing.

PENNY, VERNON, Pvt. Hq. Co., 27th Div.—Relatives of this man, who was killed in action, can get photographs of the spot where he was killed and of his grave from Theodore Herzog, 516 Pacific st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

STEVENS, WRENE J., has been missing since July 14, 1916, but is known to have enlisted. Information about him is wanted by his mother, Mrs. Belle Knapp, 912 N. 4th st., Walla Walla, Wash.

WEXLER, ABRAHAM, formerly Pvt., Bty. B, 149th F. A., Camp Custer, Mich., has not been heard from since he was discharged on May 16, 1919. News of his whereabouts is desired by Mrs. Minnie McMurchie, Amasa, Wash.

7TH ENG., Co. B.—Thomas Hunter was reported dead of wounds on Oct. 13, 1918. Information concerning his death is wanted by his mother, Mrs. Minnie Hunter, Broken Arrow, Okla.

18TH INF., Co. B.—Charles F. Kruse was killed in action about Oct. 10, 1918. Anyone knowing particulars is asked to write to A. J. McCoy, Box 63, Piasa, Ill.

23RD INF., Co. C.—Cpl. Guy B. Mardis was reported missing in action in the Soissons offensive on July 18, 1918. His parents seek particulars of his death and burial. Write to J. B. Mardis, 130 "A" st., McMinville, Ore.

29TH M. P., Co. A.—Charles A. Fitzgibbon, horseshoer, landed in France in July, 1918, but has not been heard from since that time. Information about him is sought by May F. Vandegrift, 46 W. 48th st., New York City. His mother died the day before he sailed and so far as is known he has no other relatives.

39TH INF., Hq. Co.—Pvt. Joseph Jmewicz died while serving with this outfit. His cousin wants information regarding his death and burial. Write W. I. Leonowicz, 231 S. Franklin st., Shamokin, Pa.

43D Co., 5TH MARINES—Pvt. Roy W. Little was reported dead of wounds on Nov. 11, 1918. His parents would like to know particulars of his death. Write to H. H. Little, 2919 W. Colorado ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

118TH INF., Co. E.—Pvt. Guy Spencer died in hospital while serving with this outfit. Arthur B. Rudd, Red Cross chaplain, and any of Spencer's buddies who knew particulars of his death and burial are asked to write to his mother, Mrs. Minnie A. Spencer, Point Pleasant, W. Va.

125TH INF., Co. I.—David Armstrong was killed while serving with this company. Particulars of his death and burial are wanted for his relatives by the Adjutant, American Legion Post, Centralia, Kans.

125TH INF., Co. M.—Information about the death and burial of Delbert Moyer of this outfit is wanted by the Adjutant, American Legion Post, Centralia, Kans.

128TH INF., Co. E.—Pvt. Lawrence Meacham was reported wounded in action on Oct. 11, 1918. Later message said he died of wounds on Oct. 14. Details of his death and burial are wanted by his mother, Mrs. Ruth Meacham, Port Allegany, Pa.

164TH CANADIAN INF. BN., Co. C.—Pvt. E. N. Dale was reported killed in action while serving with this outfit. Anyone who knows details is asked to write to his cousin, Frank G. Batchelor, Box 866, Upland, Calif.

306TH M. G. BN.—Fred Montee was killed while with this outfit. Information about his death is wanted by George E. O'Hearn, 92 Oak st., Gardner, Mass., and Mrs. Beaudet, 17 Lincoln ave., Glens Falls, N. Y.

355TH INF., Co. D.—Pvt. Max Lax died in Base Hospital No. 65 on Sept. 29, 1918. Details of his death and burial are desired by Joseph W. Lax, 1107 Independence Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

357TH INF., Co. E.—Pvt. Roy L. Clement was reported killed in action on Sept. 14, 1918. Harvey Fraser, St. Anne, Ill., wants particulars of his death.

369TH INF.—William G. Watkins was killed while serving with this outfit. His mother wants information from his buddies so that she can collect his insurance. She believes men of the old 15th Regiment in New York City may be able to assist her. Write Mrs. Hattie E. Watkins, 98 Eaton St., New Haven, Conn.

667TH AERO SQUADRON—John C. Darby of this outfit was last heard from at Camp Mills, L. I., on July 4, 1919. Information regarding his whereabouts is wanted by his mother, Mrs. Elmore Darby, 111 Spring st., Hudson, Mich.

JUNE 25, 1920



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PAGE 20



[c] Atlantic Foto Service

A battle scene on the Atlantic City front

ATLANTIC CITY A LEGION LEAVE AREA

By FREDERICK HICKMAN
Formerly of the 319th Infantry

No reveille, no K. P., no Taps, but board and quarters and a chance to mingle with the best of 'em at five dollars a week are offered at the Boardwalk camp to be conducted by the Atlantic City Post of The American Legion this summer. All members of the Legion are invited to spend their vacation in the camp and are warned "to make their reservations early"

THE Atlantic City Post of The American Legion is hooking up the A. E. F. leave area idea to the possibilities of America's greatest summer resort. It is inviting Legionnaires from any part of the United States to spend a furlough at Atlantic City, and it is establishing for them a tent camp at which the expense item of quarters is reduced to a minimum. So, even though our well-known former skipper, Uncle Sam, isn't available to issue transportation and commutation of rations and quarters, any Legionnaire may now spend a vacation at Atlantic City without going financially flat in the process.

Bill Fisher, formerly top sergeant of Company C, Twenty-third Engineers, is the father of the Atlantic City leave area plan. He put the scheme up to the Atlantic City Post, and the Post voted to carry it out. A committee was authorized to go ahead with the scheme.

The conception of the camp which the committee had in mind when it started work was a tent town which should be operated on the simplest plan feasible. It should provide for a nominal sum living quarters under canvas, thus saving the Legionnaires the expensive hotel bills and at the same time assuring them of a place to stay in a city in which it is sometimes difficult to obtain hotel accommodations at any price. Living in the tent town, the ex-service men should be able to take advantage of the bathing, the boating, the dancing on the piers, the shows in the theatres and the many other diversions which the resort offers.

The committee has named the tent town Camp D'Olier in honor of the Legion's National Commander. It has worked out all the details of the camp, so that the first week in July will see it in operation. The city councilmen, led by the mayor, granted the Post the right to use a plot of ground owned by the city and the city engineer laid out

the camp streets and planned the sanitary facilities.

Of course, it will be somewhat different from Aix-les-Bains and Nice and Biarritz, but some of the differences will be in Atlantic City's favor. For instance, Legionnaires won't have to check in with the A. P. O. and have their papers vised and they won't have to argue with the R. T. O. about the propriety of going back home over a circuitous route.

And in any event, so far as tent life is concerned, the Atlantic City camp will have it all over the embarkation center at Brest. There won't be any fiery-eyed Brest top kickers browsing around ready to pick a handful of K. P.'s out of every new outfit, and there won't be any reveille or taps. There will be no "out of bounds" signs, and Legionnaires won't have to face inquisitive guards with bayonets when they head for the boardwalk.

The camp is at one end of that famous boardwalk, and it is only a stone's throw from the Atlantic City Yacht Club's clubhouse, the scene of many of the most brilliant summer events. Not far away rise the picturesque array of masts of the fishing vessels and pleasure yachts that make their harbor in Gardner's Basin. Opposite the camp is an athletic park, where baseball will be played this summer. And fifteen minutes of quick time marching along the boardwalk brings the camp guest to the center of ocean-front life.

The Atlantic City Post is undertaking full responsibility for financing and operating the camp, and it is doing this without hope of profit. The charge for each guest has been fixed so that the revenue will just meet the expenses. Two hundred men may live in the camp at one time, and no man will be permitted to stay longer than two weeks. The charge is five dollars for one week, and ten dollars for two weeks. A canteen is being operated in connection

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

with the camp. It will supply light lunch, tobacco, souvenirs and necessities of various kinds.

It will be necessary for Legionnaires to make reservations for the camp in advance. Those wishing to engage accommodations are requested to mail in their names and addresses and the name of the post of which they are members, together with a check or money order



IS THIS A PICTURE OF YOUR POST ADJUTANT?

EVERY member of the Legion, by the payment of his national dues, becomes a subscriber to The American Legion Weekly. New members should receive their first copy of the magazine two or three weeks after their enrolment.

If they don't, it is because of a hitch in sending their names to the Circulation Manager. The names of new members go from the post to department headquarters and thence to National Headquarters and the WEEKLY.

The Post Adjutant should forward the names of new members, together with their national dues, as soon as they are received.

But some Post Adjutants don't. Some of them sleep over it while the little bird twitters on the toe of their left shoe.

Some of them snooze for a month or two.

In the meantime the new members tear their hair and write letters to the WEEKLY.

If new members of your post—or old ones—complain that they are not getting their copies of this magazine, advise them to ask their Post Adjutant if he has forwarded their names and addresses. Or, better still, ask him in post meeting yourself.

for one-half of the charge for quarters, to the chairman of the committee, James Butler, 1512 Atlantic avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.

It is hoped that next year the posts of Atlantic City will be able to entertain their visiting comrades in a magnificent home, which will be erected this autumn for The American Legion by the municipality.

No Lure

Young MD.: "I average about forty dollars a week from patients."

Old MD.: "Forty? Don't you know that a common butcher makes at least fifty?"

Young MD.: "Nevertheless, I'm not going into the Army Medical Corps."

JUNE 25, 1920

There's a big future and plenty of money in store for this man

A new industry has thrown open tremendous possibilities to the man determined to carve out his success in his own way. But he must act *now*.

The man we want has his head up in the clouds—he has visions of his redemption from the chafing ball and chain job—but he sits and *wishes*—he doesn't *act*.

You—you're the man we want—here is the road—here is the key to that success—that independence you dream about. It's yours without a cent. You'll make good—you're made of the stuff we want in this new industry.

Let's get down to facts. A colossal industry, uncrowded and still in its infancy, is outgrowing all bounds—you've heard of it—*Scientific Tire Repairing*.

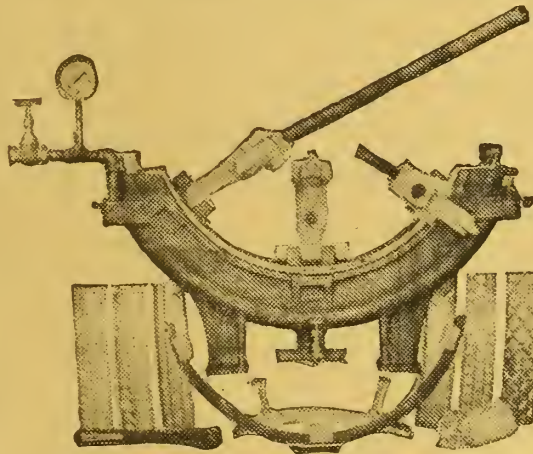
There are 51,000,000 tires that will need repair this season and now on top of that comes the crying need for men to repair the *new PNEUMATIC TRUCK TIRES*.

This tremendous work *must* be done *at once*—the man-size profit should be *yours*. There's one solution—only one—we've got to teach you.

We teach you the business in a few weeks—without a cent of cost to you. We'll send you out to clean up your share of the huge business, gotten without the slightest effort, that's waiting for you *right in your own neighborhood*.

Come down to one of our schools—get the facts and figures at first hand—determine right then and there whether you want to get into this game—determine whether you want to make \$5,000 to \$50,000 a year—whether you want to be the underling on a stool any longer—whether you want to be the boss instead of a tail-end.

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SOUVENIR HOUNDS, ATTENTION!

MEET the famous What-is-it, not Mr. Barnum's, but Mr. Hohenzollern's. The has-been Kaiser's furniture has just been auctioned off in America as curios, but the accompanying specimen was not included.

It was brought back from France by P. J. Cooney of Central Village, Connecticut, formerly of the Thirtieth Division, who found it in a German dugout in Montbrehain, not far east of the break-through point in the Hindenburg Line.

"I would like to have you or some of your readers tell me just what this was used for," writes Cooney, "and if it is complete, as several of the boys seem to think there is a piece missing."

What's your answer? The editors of the WEEKLY have their own idea, but they think it best to appeal to the gang for corroboration. To give some idea of the dimensions of the What-is-it, let it be stated that in the picture it is

resting on a blanket stretched across Cooney's back fence.

What do you say? Is it a special gas-mask attachment for use with the limburger cheese ration? Or what?



The What-is-it

THE LEGION IN HAWAII

THE changing conditions of the problem of the United States territories in the Pacific are reflected in the report of the First Territorial Convention of the Department of Hawaii of The American Legion, held at Honolulu.

Questions of racial differences, the teaching of foreign languages, the publication of foreign-language newspapers, the adequacy of the military forces assigned to the defense of the islands, the relation of a proposed system of good roads to the islands' defense policy—these and other questions were debated and were the subjects of resolutions. As an outpost of American Government, the Territory of Hawaii finds that the same questions of race and language which constitute a problem on the Pacific Coast of the United

States are on the islands intensified by the much greater proportion of aliens.

One resolution pledged the Legion's assistance to the Army for the maintenance of an officers' reserve training camp. The resolution stated that the nation's present military policy has resulted in a shortage in the garrison of the islands and that a large reserve with efficient officers is necessary. Another resolution favored more extensive Federal assistance for the National Guard of the Territory.

The convention indorsed proposed legislation that would place rigid restrictions on the ownership of firearms by aliens. It also expressed itself as favoring legislation to prohibit the teaching of foreign languages in schools which subordinate the English language and American principles.

THE YARDSTICK ON CONGRESS

(Continued from page 5)

care of a number of land-hungry ex-service men in that State. It also appropriated \$20,000 for an investigation by the Department of the Interior into the Imperial Valley land project in California.

Nothing is more disgusting than the record of this session of Congress with reference to land and so-called soldier settlement. The sum total of all of its legislation in terms of terra firma would be little larger than the Island of Yap and would provide for few more than a corporal's guard of settlers.

Finally Congress has made the Civil Service regulations which have always applied to veterans of other wars apply to veterans of the great war, thereby insuring ex-service men who desire Government positions priority on the Civil Service list after taking examinations.

There are some other things which Congress has done which interest though they do not directly affect ex-service men. They might as well be mentioned, however, as they help to fill out the terrible gap left by Congressional inaction. Congress approved and provided for a voluntary system of military training. It gave rank to

Army nurses. It revised the articles of war and Army courts-martial regulations. And it passed one or two sling-shot bills putting a little bit of a curb on enemy aliens and providing for their deportation in certain cases.

When Congress was on the point of adjourning the first Saturday afternoon of this month, the crowded galleries in the House looked on in amused amazement when one after another the solons arose and patted each other on the back and proclaimed the great things they had done.

There was more than usual applause after a speech which, among other things, mentioned the "handsome way in which this Congress has treated the soldier."

At this juncture of affairs I watched the expression on the faces of a half-dozen young men in the gallery who wore Legion or discharge buttons in their lapels. And I advise the spellbinders who think they can blandish a lot of silken words about as a magic wand on the election stump this fall to leave off any mention of what was done for the soldier, other than the disabled. Even a returned soldier sometimes gets tired of bunk.

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THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City

Here's that coupon again

that you meant to send in and didn't—

(See issue of May 14, page 31)

My, but some of you are slow reporting for this formation.

Volume counts in this. Do your bit, and do it now.



I would like to see.....

Made by.....

Advertised with us—

Because (give reason).....

Name.....

Address.....

Post.....

The Advertising Manager,
627 West 43d Street,
New York City

There's no two
ways about it!

No better cigarette
can be made
than Camels!

Camel

CIGARETTES

GET the idea at once that Camels and their refreshing flavor are unlike any cigarette you ever smoked—that's why men call Camels a cigarette revelation!

You should know why Camels are so unusual, so delightful, so satisfying. *First*, quality, *second*, Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos, and you'll certainly prefer Camels blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

Camels blend makes possible that wonderful mellow-mildness you hear so much about—yet all the desirable body is there to any smoker's absolute satisfaction! And, no matter how generously you smoke, *Camels never tire your taste!*

How you'll appreciate, too, Camels freedom from any unpleasant cigarette aftertaste or unpleasant cigarette odor—a *cigarette revelation all by itself.*

Compare Camels puff-by-puff with any cigarette in the world at any price! At once you'll know why Camels popularity steadily increases.

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

